

GARDEN SHED

lesbianbeverly

GARDEN SHED by **lesbianbeverly**

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Summary:

THAT IS WHERE I WAS HIDIN'; THAT IS WHAT LOVE I WAS IN - [vic/elijah ; 1/100]

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the boy waved goodbye to the brunette haired girl as she walked away. he took his cigarette out of his pants pocket, and placed it between his lips. the boy played with the loop of his snapback hat and waited.

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"do you think he likes me?" he asked. "i just... i dunno. i kinda... feel it." he said and put his hands in his sweater pockets. the brunette shrugged and leaned against the wall. "ya think he likes ya?... i don't see him as. /one of us/," she began. "but if you really do think that- i mean. there's gotta be somethin' that's triggered that feeling in ya."

"what feering- feeling?"

"of 'is he gay too?"

he put a hand over her mouth and looked around for anyone peering at them. "shh, you know we can-" she swatted his hand off. "god dude. nobody's gonna hear us. besides, what they gonna do? huh? run us outta the town?" she lit her cigarette after she put it in her mouth. "we can run away together and then spend the rest of the eighties as runaways, wait three years, then spend our teen years as drug dealers." she laughed.

the boy, elijah, sat down on the concrete and put his head in his hands. "i just.... remember him looking at me.. and he didn't stop until i did. i remember his eyes looking into the side of my face after i turned away..."

"and i got that /f-feeling/. in my stomach. butterflies... and i just. i think he likes me, that's all."

she sat down next to him and wrapped her arm around her friend. "you can't just ask him but..... if you want me to help you out i can." he shook his head. "no, i should do this myself. you've done enough for me," he smiled at her. "i like givin' back to the community, guy." she ruffled his hair. "i gotta go." she let out a grunt as she stood up.

"red wants me to meet her friends; see ya later cowboy." she waved him off.

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his head hit the back of the brick wall as he thought for a moment. taking in the salty air; smelling of popcorn and salt water. he was so afraid. he knew he couldn't chicken out-

he's a bad liar. he ruffled his own hair and put his snapback on. he thought of the happiest moment from his child -- sifting through the ashes of the nightmares he had lived; some he put himself in purposely or not it was still his fault -- and deciding trying to make himself feel better was a bad idea.

"goddammit...."

"hey!" a voice from across the street called. "hey!" the voice got louder. elijah opened his brown eyes and looked in front of him. "elijah, right?" the platinum blonde laughed. "i'm kidding, i know you..." he said as he twiddled with his fingers; something he caught rachel, elijah's friend, do continuously. elijah did it sometimes too.

"how've you been, man?" the blonde placed a hand on elijah's right shoulder as he leaned against the same brick wall.

"good." "cool, into any new things?" "stuff. like, uhm.... a new album..?"

"oh cool! of what band?" he crossed his arms. "a band." elijah rubbed his forehead. "okay, i lied." he laughed. "i don't have a new album.."

victor looked over at him. "you okay?"

"yeah."

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'i wonder if you look both ways before you cross my mind.' elijah looked up at the pale white ceiling. vic nodded his head to the music as it filled the air. "thank fuck this isn't anthrax." he laughed. "i'm kinda sick of henry blastin' it all the time..."

elijah turned his head to look at him. "henry?"

"yeah, bowers. y'know, my friend?"

"i didn't... know you were friends." he gulped and looked back at the ceiling. "what's wrong, man?" "bowers is a fuckin' asshole." "I know that... but he's my only friend, alright?" victor continued to drown out his thoughts as the music filled in. "i'm sorry."

"for what?"

"about henry... i know he's a fuckin' asshole, and-"

"tell me about it." elijah crossed his arms and lay his head back. "i just, i'm not like him. i mean- i do hurt people but i don't... /want/ to." "none of us do but we all do anyways."

"i've never seen you hurt anyone." "just 'cause you haven't seen it doesn't mean i can't hurt people...." he gulped. "who have you hurt then? besides yourself."

"what!? i'm not like that-"

"i mean emotionally."

"i don't fucking know... everyone?... i'm such a fuck-up. that's not important... i asked you two listen to music with me and-"

vic placed his pale hand over elijah's taupe one. he even scooted closer. "then let's listen to music." elijah's cheeks went red, and he felt an odd burning feeling run down his chest. he took in a big huff of breath, as he looked over at the dark eyed boy who seemed closer than he was a few seconds ago. vic left a soft kiss on elijah's nose as he closed his eyes and let the music consume him again. elijah opened his mouth in shock, and smiled widely. he used his other hand to cover his mouth because he hated his smile and he didn't want anyone to see.

but the only person in the room with his was vic. and vic loved his smile. and he was sure to let elijah know that soon.

'don't kill the rose.../ boy, it could move..'

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as the boy tapped on his boyfriend's window, he looked down for anyone following him. "answer! answer, answer!"

the window snapped open. "i told you not to knock so loud!" elijah whisper-yelled at his lover. "sorry," vic said casually as he got inside the house. they engulfed each other in a hug. elijah put his hand on the back of vic's head as vic held him tightly. "how've you been, cowboy?"

elijah laughed it off. "damn rachel... yeah; i've been good. lonely."

vic pulled away and looked at his boyfriend, who was about a little bit taller than he. "i'm here, /mr. lonely./ i told you i wasn't going to be gone for too long." elijah stepped forward and put his forehead against his sweetheart's. "promise me you won't leave for long again? i fucking miss you and i hate that feeling... i fucking hate it." he said, almost in tears. vic was hiding their love away so they'd be safe-especially from that asshole with a mullet.

vic kissed his cheek, and buried his face in the crook of his neck.

"i'm here flower boy. i'm not gonna leave this time i swear."